JUNE NO.13 10c

CRACK COMICS

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

THE BLACK CONDOR

JANE ARDEN

ALIAS THE SPIDER

MOLLY THE MODEL

THE CLOCK *in* ANOTHER SUPER THRILLER

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
STRANGE WORLDS
Famous Funnies
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
STARTLING COMICS
CASH PRIZES GIVEN
BARNYARD COMICS
ALLY-OOP!
GLUE
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

JUST LIKE *Flying!*

THAT'S *bike-riding* WHEN YOUR BIKE HAS A **MORROW** COASTER BRAKE

Don't envy aviators! You can fly, too — (or **seem** to) if your bike is equipped with the world famous Morrow Coaster Brake. You'll go zooming over hills and whizzing down straight-aways when you're coasting with a Morrow.

The Morrow Brake, you see, has 31 BIG, precision ball bearings which spin and spin in a hardened raceway—insuring absolutely free coasting. And a huge bronze brake shoe that GRIPS the heat-treated steel hub — insures quick, **easy** stopping.

Be sure your bike's Morrow-equipped. It doesn't cost you a penny more—and all manufacturers use Morrow. Tell your bicycle dealer that's what you want.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

The MODERN **MORROW**

WIN this CAR!

JUST SEND US A

NAME

We will give this car to you for sending in the most outstanding name for it. Can't you just imagine yourself driving it down the street? IT'S NOT A TOY — this is a real car and all you have to do to get it is to send in the best name for it. This BIG (for a number car) has a bicycle air-cooled gasoline motor, big 16x4 inch balloon tires and a wheel base of 40 inches. It is 68 inches long and 24 inches high and can be driven from 5 to 25 miles per hour, using about only one gallon of gas for each 70 miles.

Send in the name you think fits this car. Names like "Flash," "The Arrow," "Speed King," and "Wonder Racer" are suitable but you can think of a much better one. Remember, the car is just like the one shown in the picture above. It is a BIG, snappy-looking racer with a REAL MOTOR and it will be given to the boy or girl who sends in the best name for it. Send your car name TODAY!

$100.00

IN ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Mail Your Name Today

25 Prizes for Boys and Girls

In addition to the car, we are also going to give 24 other big cash prizes to the boys and girls sending in the next best names. The car itself is First Prize. Second Prize will be $20.00. Third Prize will be $15.00. Fourth Prize will be $10.00. Fifth Prize will be $5.00, and the next 20 prizes will be $2.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in the event of ties. This offer is open to everyone living in the United States with the exception of those who have won major cash prizes from us since January 1, 1938. You should send in but one name for the car and your entry must be mailed before May 24, 1941.

IT'S EASY TO WIN

Think of all the fun you would have driving a REAL CAR like this. You would be more popular than ever with a snappy racer and even running errands would be fun. It pays to be prompt, so send in your name for the car RIGHT AWAY! The name you have in mind now may win a prize. Just write your name for the car on a penny post card, sign your own name and address and mail it to:

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB, 52 Capper Building, Topeka, Kansas

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THE BLACK CONDOR

By Lou Fine

THE BLACK CONDOR

By Louis Ring

A SOARING DEFENDER OF WRONGS WITH A FIERCE SENSE OF JUSTICE IS THE BLACK CONDOR.... AS DEAD AS THE BIRDS IN THE AIR...WITH AN EAGLE'S DIRECTIONAL INSTINCT... HE HAD HIS BEGINNING IN THE WASTES OF MONGOLIA. THE BABY SON OF AN EXPLORER, HE SURVIVED HIS PARENTS' MASSACRE BY BANDITS... THEN PICKED UP BY A CONDOR HE WAS CARRIED TO A LOFTY PEAK AND TAUGHT HOW TO FLY....

WENDY FOSTER HAS THE SLAIN TOM WRIGHT'S FIANCÉE AND HIS DEATH HAS BEEN KEPT FROM HER. HIS PLACE HAS BEEN CLEVERLY TAKEN BY THE BLACK CONDOR WHO NOW PLAYS A DUAL ROLE... THE ONLY PERSON ACQUAINTED WITH THIS FACT IS HER FATHER DR. FOSTER.

SOME TIME HAS PASSED SINCE THE DEATH OF THE ESTEEMED YOUNG SENATOR TOM WRIGHT COMED BY THE MIGHTY POLITICAL BOSS JASMAR CROW. WRIGHT FINALLY BEFELLED... HE WAS THEN TAKEN FOR A RIDE AND MURDERED...

DO AS I SAY, WRIGHT!!

WHAT A BLESSING THAT A MAN LIKE THE CONDOR FITS INTO THE PERSON OF TOM WRIGHT.... WENDY WAS SPARED SUCH GRIEF. MY DARLING WILL NEVER KNOW....

The Black Condor, America's comic sensation, appears last month in CRACK COMICS

Molly THE Model

ITCHY SMITTY
MULE EARS MALONEY

GOOD OLD MALONEY, MY BOYHOOD CHUM!—TELL ME, HOW HAS THE WORLD TREATED YOU, OLD FRIEND?
WELL, IT'S TREATED ME—BUT NOT OFTEN ENOUGH!

BY GEORGE, MALONEY!—I'M GOING TO SET YOU UP IN BUSINESS—YES SIR, A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN!
GOSH! THANKS ITCHY!

HEY MOLLY! HEY, MOLLY! I JUST MET AN OLD FRIEND, J. THORNDYKE SMITH—HE'S A MILLIONAIRE!

HE INVENTED A SQUIRTLESS GRAPEFRUIT SPOON AND CLEANED UP—
VERY INTERESTING, POP, BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HONEY—MY DEAR OLD FRIEND J. THORNDYKE SMITH IS GOIN' TO SET ME UP IN BUSINESS—A BUSINESS OF MY OWN!

HE SAID HE'D MAKE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS AND MEET ME AT THREE THIS AFTERNOON—

AN EXECUTIVE HAS T' LOOK THE PART—

AH, MALONEY, RIGHT ON TIME, EH? WELL, HERE YOU ARE—

—YOU CAN START DOING BUSINESS IMMEDIATELY"

SHINE 5¢

A BOOTBLACK OUTFIT!—WHY YOU CHEAP—
STOP MALONEY! STOP!
BOP
M'FIRST SHINING JOB WILL BE ON YOUR EYES!
OUCH! OW! HELP!

YOU FAT OLD INGRATE!

HI YA, POP—HOW'S THE NEW BUSINESS?
I TURNED IT DOWN—BUT IT HAD A SHINING FUTURE!

MOLLY the MODEL

More of Molly The Model in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.

TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER

HURRY! WE HAVE TO GET PAST THE GUARDS YET. THEY THINK WE TAKE OUT SOME JONK!

THE TRUCK ROLLS PAST THE SENTRIES...

ON THE ROAD TO NOME THE TRUCK PASSES A CAR. IN IT IS JIM SLADE, ON HIS WAY TO THE POST!

AS SURE AS I'M TOR, THAT TRUCK LOOKS PHONEY TO ME!

QUICKLY CHANGING TO TOR THE MAGICIAN...

HE FOLLOWS THE TRUCK.
THAT GUY IN THE ROADSTER'S BEEN TRAILING US FOR SOME TIME. GIVE HIM A BURST FROM THE MACHINE GUN!

ACTIVITY IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK WARNS TOR.
SOMETHING WRONG HERE! THAT NEW MACHINE GUN! THEY'VE STOLEN IT!

NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, TOR FLIES OUT OF HIS CAR.

THE FLAMING INCENDIARY BULLETS SET FIRE TO THE CAR!

ONLY A SECOND LATER.....

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS -

TOR WANDERS ABOUT THE DOCK SECTION OF NOME
THE GOVERNMENT'S WORRIED ABOUT THAT GUN - SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF KRENKO, THE FOREIGN AGENT!

THAT LOOKS LIKE KRENKO HIMSELF. I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

FOLLOWING CLOSELY TOR FINDS THE HIDEOUT.
I'LL SNAP A QUICK PICTURE WITH MY MINIATURE!

STEP BY STEP TOR APPROACHES THE PLOTTERS!
WONDER HOW THEY INTEND TO GET AWAY WITH THAT GUN?

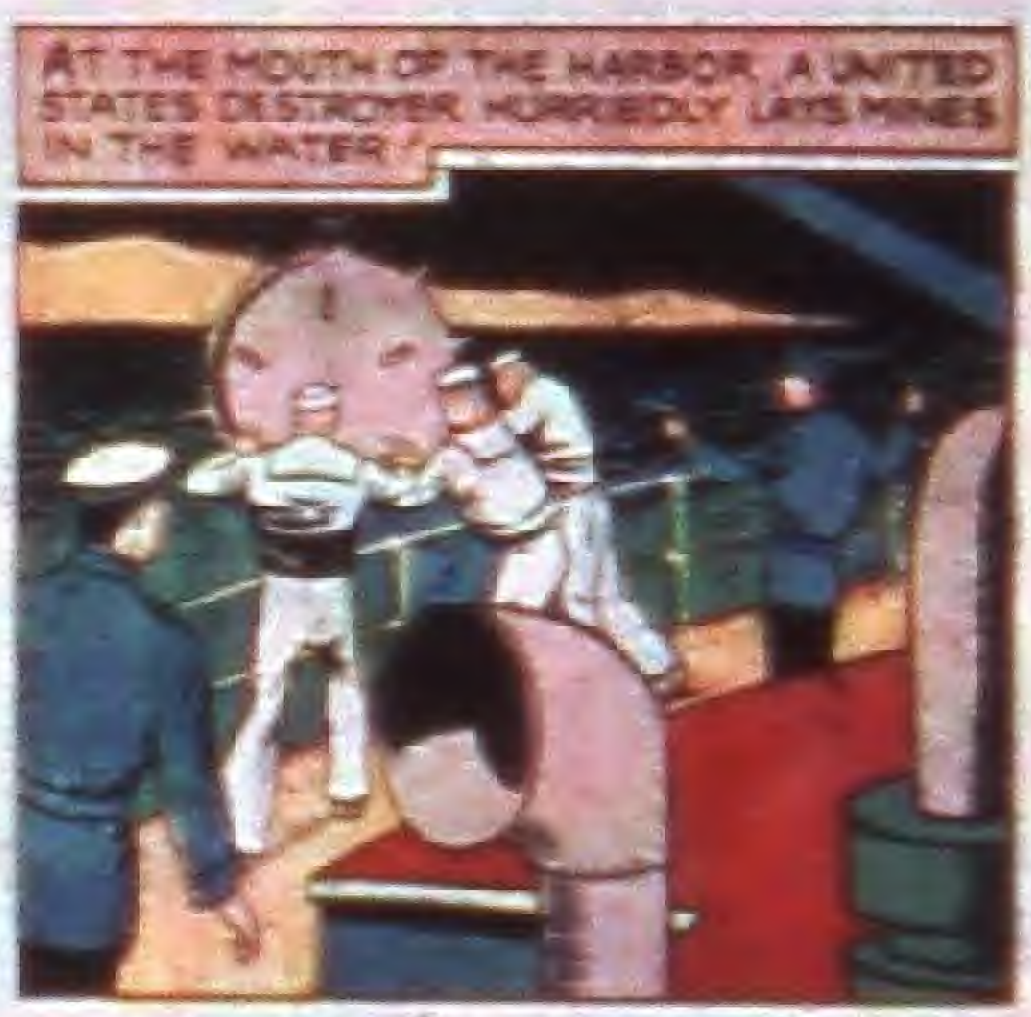
HERE GOES THE LIGHT!

UNDER TOR'S MAGICAL IMPULSE THE LIGHT GOES OUT.
WE'RE ATTACKED! BEAT IT!
TAKE THE GUN ALONG!

THE AGENTS ESCAPE THROUGH A REAR CELLAR DOOR.
HURRY - WE GOT TO GET AWAY IN KRENKO'S SUBMARINE!

TOR QUICKLY CALLS THE ARMY POST, GIVING HIS NAME AS J. SLADE, NEWSPAPERMAN—
—I'LL LOCATE THEIR SUBMARINE AND GET BACK THE GUN WHILE YOU TAKE CARE OF PLANTING THE MINES.

RIGHT—I'LL HAVE THEM PLANTED IN THE HARBOR AT ONCE. THEIR SUB WON'T GET FAR!


AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR, A UNITED STATES DESTROYER HURRIEDLY LAYS MINES IN THE WATER!

WHILE UNDERNEATH A NEARBY BULKHEAD—
HURRY UP, BOYS! WE GOT TO GET AWAY!

THERE IT IS! KRENKO'S SUB LOADING ON THE GUN!

TOR JUMPS!

USING ONE OF HIS BEST TRICKS, TOR WALKS ON TOP OF THE WATER TO THE SUBMARINE.

AND CLIMBS ABOARD.
NOW TO SMASH THAT HOISTING MACHINE!

AT TOR'S GESTURE THE HOIST BREAKS — TOPPLING THE GUN INTO THE WATER!

Tor, Magic Master, will amaze you in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

RED TORPEDO

"SPY-PROOF" SUBMARINE

A FORMER CAPTAIN IN THE USAMM BUILT AN UNMANNABLE TORPEDO, THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD. UNDERSEA IN THE AIR IT CAN RISE FROM THE WATER AND FLY LIKE A PLANE. MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS, HE USES THIS POWER TO AID THE EMBATTLED DEMOCRACIES IN THEIR FIGHT FOR WORLD FREEDOM. RIGHT NOW WE FIND HIM IN THE SOUTH SEAS, A THORN TO THE ORIENTAL TOTALITARIANS... ONE DAY THE RED TORPEDO SEES A NATIVE GIRL SWIMMING UNDER THE SEA.....

IN A SECRET CAVE A DEAL IS UNDER WAY...

I HAVE FOUGHT THIS RED TORPEDO AND LOST! LOST! BUT THIS TIME I MUST WIN!

FOR THE SMALL SUM OF $1000 I'LL RID YOU OF HIM FOREVER!

WHILE THEIR GROOVED VICTIM HEARS THEIR PLAN.

WHY, IT'S MY ENEMY, BLACK SHADE!

VERY WELL...SEE, I HAVE A ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL...JUST A MINUTE! NOT SO FAST!

NOW WATCH I TEAR IT IN HALF THUS...

TO PREVENT A DOUBLE CROSS I SHALL KEEP ONE HALF UNTIL YOU HAVE DISPOSED OF THE RED TORPEDO!

THAT'S QUITE A GAG...BUT I CAN PUT THAT DOUGH TO MUCH BETTER USE!

PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN IF I MAY CALL YOU BOYS GENTLEMEN.

NOW, GIRLIE, JUST STEP UP AND COLLECT THE PARTS OF THAT $1000 BILL!

BUT SHE SHIELDS THE MEN UNKNOWINGLY FROM HIS GUN!

NOW, RED LET'S SEE YOU FIRE...GRAB HIM MEN!

A LITTLE IN JAIL...

AND A LITTLE BOXING!
NOW TO GET THE OTHER HALF FROM SHARK! GOSH WHERE'S THAT GIRL?
BUT THE SHARK HASN'T WAITED.
HE TAKES HIS CAPTIVE TO HIS SUBMARINE FROM WHICH HE GET'S HIS NAME
NOW I'LL GO ASHORE AND FIX THINGS FOR MY FRIEND THE RED TORPEDO!
ON THE ISLAND HE SETS A TRAP
TO KILL THE RED TORPEDO
RED'LL SEE THIS. I'LL COME BACK TOMORROW AND COLLECT HIS REMAINS!
UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, HE FINDS THE NOTE...
RED - IF YOU WANT THE GIRL - READ THIS CAREFUL
HMMM! A NOTE FROM THE BLACK SHARK! CAREFUL IS RIGHT!

BUT WHEN THE RED TORPEDO PULLS DOWN THE BRANCH TO GET THE NOTE...

Another breath taking adventure of The Red Torpedo in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

by Ralph Johns

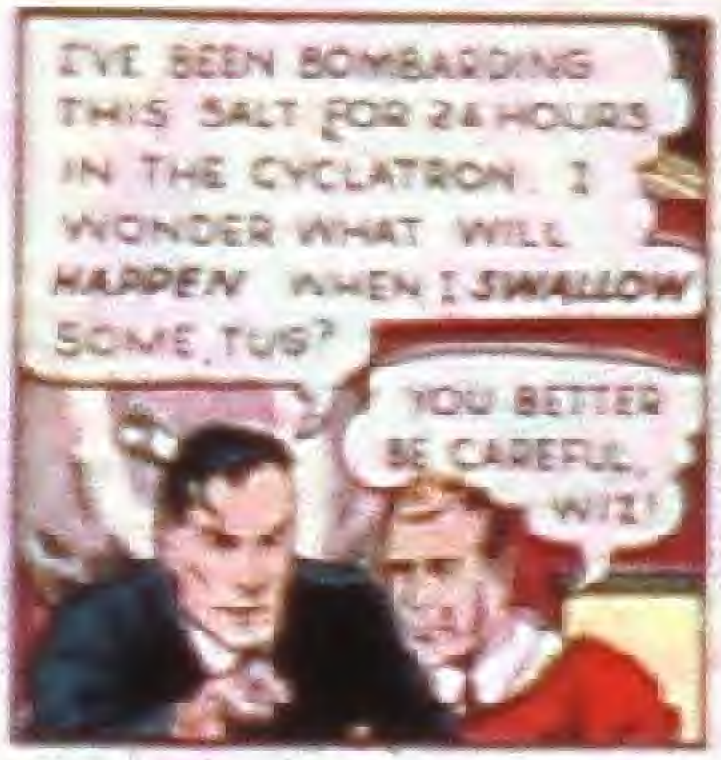
Enjoy the hilarious adventures of Slap Happy Pappy in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

WIZARD WELLS

ACCIDENTALLY ENTERING THE FIELD OF CRIMINOLOGY, WELLS' COURAGE AND KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE HAVE BROUGHT HIM SUCCESS, AND NOW MOST OF HIS TIME IS DEVOTED TO SOLVING CRIMINAL CASES.

Miracle Man of Science

SALT of DOOM



BECAUSE OF- THESE!
WHAT ARE THEY?

PLANS OF A NEW TORPEDO THAT CAN'T MISS! HE TOLD ME TO BRING THEM TO YOU!

QUICK! HIDE THEM! I'M SURE I WAS FOLLOWED HERE!

SO! TUG, GO OUT AND LOCK THE OUTER DOOR!
OK, WIZ!

A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA! NO WONDER THE FOREIGN AGENTS WANTED IT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OUTER OFFICE.
YOU GUYS, SCRAM!
ONE SIDE, FUNNY FACE!

FUNNY FACE, WE SAID ONE SIDE!

THEY'RE HERE! I HEAR THEM!
I'D BETTER HIDE THESE PLANS!

THE CYCLATRON! A DOUBLE-BARRELED HIDING PLACE!

WELLS HIDES THE TORPEDO PLANS IN THE CYCLATRON...

AND SWALLOW'S A HEAVY DOSE OF RADIO-ACTIVE SALT

THIS ALSO MAY COME IN HANDY!

SO THERE YOU ARE! AND WELLS!

COME ON, GIVE US THE PLANS!

WHAT PLANS?

NEVER!

WE GIVE YOU 15 MINUTES. AFTER THAT, WE TAKE THIS LABORATORY TO PIECES AND FIND THEM!

15 MINUTES LATER

COME ON! SHOOT THEM AND SEARCH THE PLACE!

NO, DON'T! I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU!

YOU-YOU - COWARD! AND TO THINK DADDY TRUSTED YOU!

I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A HERO, MISS ADAMS.

THEY'RE IN THE CYCLATRON. WAIT UNTIL I PUT ON THESE RUBBER GLOVES AND TURN IT OFF!

WELLS TURNS OFF THE CYCLATRON—

—REMOVES THE PLANS—

HERE THEY ARE!

AND DROPS THEM ON THE LABORATORY TABLE

JOSEF, GET THE PLANS! THEN WE SHOOT THESE TWO, AND LEAVE!

A LOT OF GOOD YOUR COWARDICE DID US!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET! WHEN I START ACTION, YOU DUCK!

AS JOSEF PICKS UP THE PLANS —

YEOW!! WOW!

JOSEF! WHAT IS IT?

THESE PLANS! THEY'RE FULL OF ELECTRICITY! IN MY POCKET THEY DON'T HURT SO MUCH!

WHILE JOSEF'S SCREAM DISTRACTS THE OTHER TWO FOREIGN AGENTS —

WELLS GOES INTO VIOLENT ACTION —

TOUCHES THEM ON THE BACK OF THE NECK —

— AND AS THE 2 MEN SLUMP ON THE FLOOR —

DUCK, MISS ADAMS!

WELLS SCOOPS UP THE GUN HIS OTHER HAND FLICKS THE LIGHT SWITCH!

BANG!

THE LAB IS PLUNGED INTO TOTAL DARKNESS

DROP THAT GUN, JOSEF!

NEVER, WELLS!

AS WELLS' EYES BECOME ADJUSTED TO DARKNESS, HE SEES ACROSS THE ROOM, A GLOWING, LUMINOUS SPOT.

WELLS' GUN BARKS ONCE—

AND ACROSS THE ROOM —

UGH! UGH!

AS WELLS TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

ONE DEAD, AND TWO UNCONSCIOUS!

WIZ! THAT SHOOTIN' YOU ALL RIGHT?

WIZ! I'M SO ASHAMED FOR DOUBTING YOU!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT.

I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

MISS ADAMS— PLEASE—

OH!

TUG! COME HERE AND CARRY HER TO A COUCH!

GETTIN' WEAK, WIZ? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?

BECAUSE IT'S DANGEROUS

LOOK, I'M SO FULL OF ELECTRICITY FROM THAT RADIO-ACTIVE SALT!

WOW!

THE CYCLATRON SURELY SAVED THE DAY, WHAT WITH IT'S MAKING THE PLANS A LUMINOUS TARGET AND ENABLING ME TO PARALYZE 2 OF THOSE FIENDS WITH AN ELECTRIC SHOCK!

Follow Wizard Wells in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.

JANE ARDEN

JESSEL HIRES TO VISIT JANE BELIEVING SHE'S READY TO SELL THE SECRET RADIO PLANE PLANS.

JESSEL! I'LL PAY THE PRICE THAT YOU LOOM, BUT I'LL TAKE YOU BACK LATER!

I'LL WAIT HERE JESSEL! IT SUPPOSE TO BE HER FRIEND

JESSEL SEND ME THE FIRST PAGE OF THE PLANS

MINUTES LATER WHAT CAN BE KEEPING HER?

NOW WHILE JESSEL IS WAITING FOR ME, I'LL SEARCH THIS APARTMENT!

SURELY THERE WILL BE SOME CLUE HERE THAT WILL LEAD ME TO THE SPY CHIEF CALLED "THE DOCTOR."

WHAT'S THAT JESSEL? SHE HAS'NT SHOWN UP!

HAVE ERIC CHECK JANE'S APARTMENT... THEN RETURN TO HERE!

?

IT'S ROBECK, THE BUILDING MANAGER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

AH, MISS ARDEN! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

?

LENA I NEVER SEEN SUCH BUSINESS! YOU BOYS SHOULD BE HERE NOW

HEK WE SURE MAKIN' MONEY EH LENA?

WHAT TO SAY WE GET MORE LENA?

NO!

BUT I DONE PROMISED YO I MARRY UP WIT' YO!

IT'S EASY ON THAT SCORE DANT... I'M NOT ONE TO HOLD YOU TO SUCH A PROMISE!

I'LL STICK T'MY WORD WHEN I PROMISED THARRY YO, YO DIDN'T CHANGE HAVE A CENT MY MAC

YES... BUT NOW I'VE

TARNATION! NO WOMAN KAN DO THIS TO ME!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN

JANE ARDEN

HE ROBECK I THOUGHT JESSEL LIVED HERE!
SEARCHING JESSEL'S APARTMENT JANE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE DOCTOR!
S SOMETHING WRONG YOUR APARTMENT MISS ARDEN
JESSEL'S HERE ON THE NEXT FLOOR!
I'M SORRY MY MISTAKE
TESSEL'S WAS REPORTING TO HIM ON THE PHONE ROBECK MUST BE THE DOCTOR! I'LL TRY TO TRICK HIM!
WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO DEAL DIRECTLY DOCTOR INSTEAD OF THROUGH JESSEL?
YOU'RE A SMART GIRL EVEN MY OWN AGENTS DON'T KNOW WHO I AM EXCEPT JESSEL!
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH I CAN'T LET YOU LEAVE SO DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE!
MAY I HAVE A DRINK?
HALF THE GAME IS KNOWING WHEN YOU LOSE
DO YOU?
JESSEL!
AH, THAT'S THE HURRY, MISS ARDEN?
YO'S MAKIN' MONEY SELLIN' MY GROCERIES BUT MY DREAM BOUT FISH'S COMIN' TRUE!
YO CHANGED AND THAT STUFF AN' YO AIN'T PAID ME YET...NOW YO' GOT TO GIVE ME MONEY!
JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE
BUT AS I SAY YOU PAID MY MORE STOCK AN' OPEN A NEW STORE
THERE'S WHAT AH AM TOO!
A PROBLEM BUT FIRST YOU THEY WON'T BUY FROM ME
WAIT AH HAD TO STORE FIRST!
WELL THEN I'M THE ONE WHOM SUPPOSED TO MAKE THE MONEY! YOU'RE SO TO OPEN A STORE YOUR PA GON' WANT TO SEND
THERE'S NOTHING TO BUTTER MY BREAD

JANE ARDEN

SHE RAN INTO ME AS I CAME THROUGH TH' DOOR, DOCTOR!

KNOWING ME THIS GIRL CAN WRECK OUR SET-UP! WE MUST GET RID OF HER!

ERIC HAS THE CAR OUTSIDE!

GOOD... TAKE HER FOR A RIDE!

I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW BUT THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!

I GUESS THIS IS MY FINISH!

WHAT'S UP JESSEL? WHERE ARE WE TAKING HER?

SHUT UP AND OBEY ORDERS. SHE'S BOUND AND GAGGED. WE HAVE TO GET RID OF HER!

?

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

NEVER MIND TH' RED LIGHT... STEP ON IT, ERIC!

WHAT'S THIS... BREAKIN' WINDOWS?

NOT SO FAST, ME HEARTIES!

KEEP GOING, ERIC... I'LL GET RID OF THIS COP!

COURTING THIS GIRL!

NICE MOVE, GIRL!

GETTING IN HIS WAY GAVE ME JUST TH' TIME I NEEDED!

YOU BACK AGAIN! LEMME TELL YOU IT WUZ AGAINST TH' SIGNS F' I PAID YOU!

OH, I COME TO BUY GRUB!

OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT... COME RIGHT IN!

COURSE I'LL HAFTA BUY ON TH' CUFF LIKE YOU DO!

BUT I'LL PAY YOU WHEN YOU PAY ME!

BUT I DON'T GIVE CREDIT HERE!

BUT I TRUSTED YOU FOR EVERYTHING IN MY STORE THAT'S HOW I GOT THIS BUSINESS!

YES AND YOU WENT BROKE!

NO, LEM, THAT TAUGHT ME A LESSON. NO CREDIT YOU'LL BLAME ME!

NOT WHEN I'D PUT IT THAT WAY!

AH RECKON YO'S PLUMB RIGHT!

?

JANE ARDEN'S NOVELTY HARDWARE

JANE ARDEN

THE OFFICER RESCUES JANE, JESSEL AND ERIC ARE CAPTURED.

AS SLICK AS YOU FEDERAL MEN COULD DO IT, EH, NUMBER 13!

GOOD WORK OFFICER!

I KNOW WHERE THE DOCTOR IS!

C'MON! IF WE GET HIM WE'VE BROKEN UP THE SPY RING!

IF JESSEL SHOULD FAILTO BE A MARKED MAN!

BUT NOBODY WILL RECOGNIZE HE IN DISGUISE

GO TO THE BACK ENTRANCE, OFFICER!

IT'S APARTMENTS

NO WAIT FOR ME!

BUT

THIS IS THE DOCTOR!

EASY, DOCTOR, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HOW DID YOU KNOW HIM IN THAT DISGUISE

HIS SHIRT AND COLLAR ARE STILL WET WHERE I THREW WATER ON HIM BEFORE

THIS ENDS IT BY ERIC

LENA PIKY

LENA SURE IS MAKIN' MONEY WIT' HER STORE!

YEP, AN' NO ONE TO GIVE IT TO!

I'M NOT RIGHT HER WIT' A FARM AN' STORE

SHE'S GOTTA TAKE A HUSBAND!

SHE WON'T TAKE NO SASS!

SHE HIT ME FOR WINKIN' AT ER!

SHE'S THAT ANGRY WIT' EVERYBODY!

NAL, SHE'S NOT GOT TO BE MARRIED UP. SHE'S SETTIN' A BAD EXAMPLE FOR TH' OTHER GIRLS!

WHO'LL BE TH' LUCKY MAN?

LUCKY NUTHIN'. SHE'LL PROBABLY WHALE TH' TAR OUTTA HIM!

REST EASY BOYS

I'M WILLIN' TO MAKE TH' SACRIFICE!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE

Jane Arden is continued in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

ALIAS the SPIDER

A DARING FIGURE STREAMS FROM HIDING IN A SOUTHERN CEMETERY... THEN THE TWANG OF A BOW-STRING... AND A BLAZING ARROW KNIFES THE AIR. THE SPIDER HAS STRUCK!

BUT HIS TARGET SHIFTS, AVOIDING THE DEADLY SEAL.

STUART

HE RUNS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS

YOU WON'T GET AWAY AS EASILY AS THAT!

HE'S GONE... DISAPPEARED!

A MOMENT LATER...

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THE STORIES I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS CEMETERY! I WONDER WHOSE GRAVE THAT GUY WAS OPENING?

JOHN STUART... WAY HE DIED ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO! WELL, I THINK I'LL PAY A CALL ON HIS POLICE!

IN THE SPEEDY BLACK WIDOW THE SINGER REACHES THE STUART ESTATE

HMM... SOMEONE IS STILL UP!

THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE OF SOME KIND!

WHATEVER YOU DO WILL BE RIGHT, DAD!
I KNOW I SHOULDN'T, BUT I'M GOING TO!

IF WHOEVER SENT THIS NOTE CAN BRING JOHN BACK TO LIFE, I'LL PAY THEM $25,000 AS THEY REQUEST.

MARY... BURN THIS NOTE... I'M LEAVING TO MEET THE SENDER!
UH!

SOMETHING SHOT IT RIGHT THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

I HOPE STUART DOESN'T MIND MY SEEING THIS THAT NOTE... IT WILL SAVE ME THE TIME OF FOLLOWING HIM!

HERE IT IS... STUCK TO THE TREE!

WELL... STUART IS TO MEET SOMEONE AT HIS SON'S GRAVE AT TWO O'CLOCK!

(4) FEW MOMENTS LATER THE SILENT BLACK WIDOW STREAKS OUT FOR THE CEMETERY AGAIN!

JOHN STUART'S GRAVE IS OPEN... HOLY MACKEREL!!

AND HIS COFFIN IS MISSING....

FOOT PRINTS!!

LEADING TO THE SPOT WHERE THAT GRAVE-DIGGER DISAPPEARED ON ME BEFORE!

THEY END HERE... THERE MUST BE A GADGET FOR A TRAPDOOR SOMEWHERE...

THAT'S IT ALL RIGHT!

THROUGH A DIMLY LIGHTED TUNNEL, THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW THE CEMETERY

VOICES!

OKAY-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

I WISH WE HAD SOME-PLACE ELSE TO STAY... THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS, BOSS!

SO WHAT?! YOU'RE MAKING GOOD MONEY OUT OF IT! YEAH... TO THINK I WAS A CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR AT $50 A WEEK!

GREEKO! GO BACK TO THE GRAVE AND BRING BACK OLD MAN STUBBS... IT'S ALMOST TWO!

THE REST OF YOU GET TO YOUR HIDING PLACE AND BE READY TO STEP IN WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO!

A CHEMIST, EH? I THINK I KNOW HIS RACKET ALREADY!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS SHAKEDOWN PARTY IS GOING TO HAVE A NEW TWIST TO IT! POUR YEGGS... HAHA...

HEL-LLLO!

THAT'S NUMBER ONE!

AND A MOMENT LATER NUMBER TWO FALLS

AS DOES THE THIRD HOODLUM...
LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT...

THEN LAST HE GETS NUMBER FOUR...

WAY YA...!!

THE BOYS REST IN PEACE... NOW TO GET BACK TO THE GEEZER BEHIND THIS RACKET!

A SHORT TIME LATER GREKKO RETURNS WITH THOMAS STUART...

REMOVE HIS BLINDFOLD, GREKKO!

YOU BROUGHT MY FEE?
YYYES... $25,000 IN CASH!

GOOD! GIVE IT TO ME AND I SHALL BEGIN MY WORK!

BUT...

THAT BLAZING SEAL... THE SPIDER! HANK! JOE! WHERRE ARE YOU?

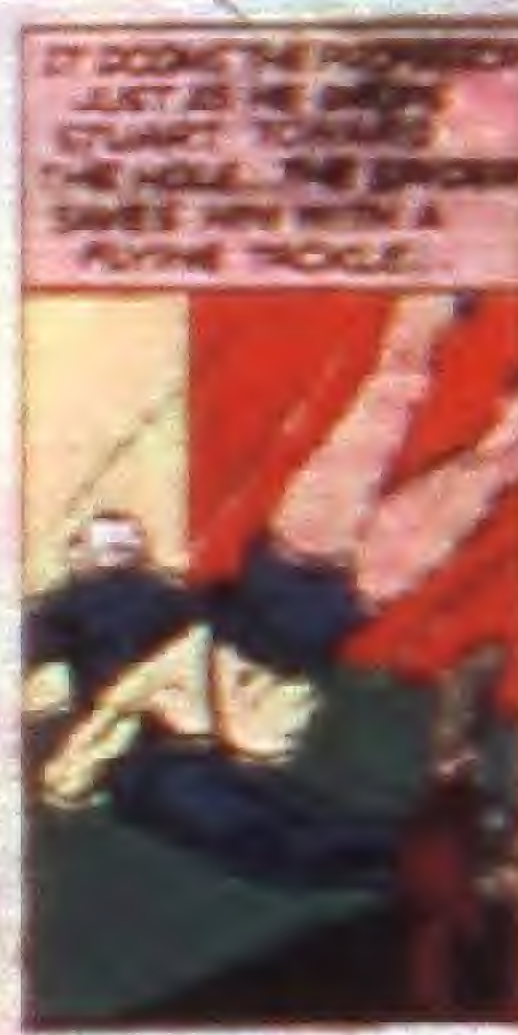
THEY'RE ALL SLEEPING, PROFESSOR ...NOW, ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL MAKE SWISS CHEESE OUT OF YOU!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THIS BRILLIANT MAN IS GOING TO BRING MY BOY BACK TO LIFE!

YOUR SON ISN'T DEAD. JUST SLEEPING IN A STATE OF RIGOR MORTIS! ASK THE PROFESSOR... AND HE MAY TELL YOU HOW HE PRODUCES THIS STATE FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY... BY MIXING A FEW CHEMICALS TOGETHER!

EASY AS THAT, EH, SPIDER?

BUT... HERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO PRODUCE RIGOR MORTIS PERMANENTLY!



More thrills with Alias The Spider in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

NED BRANT

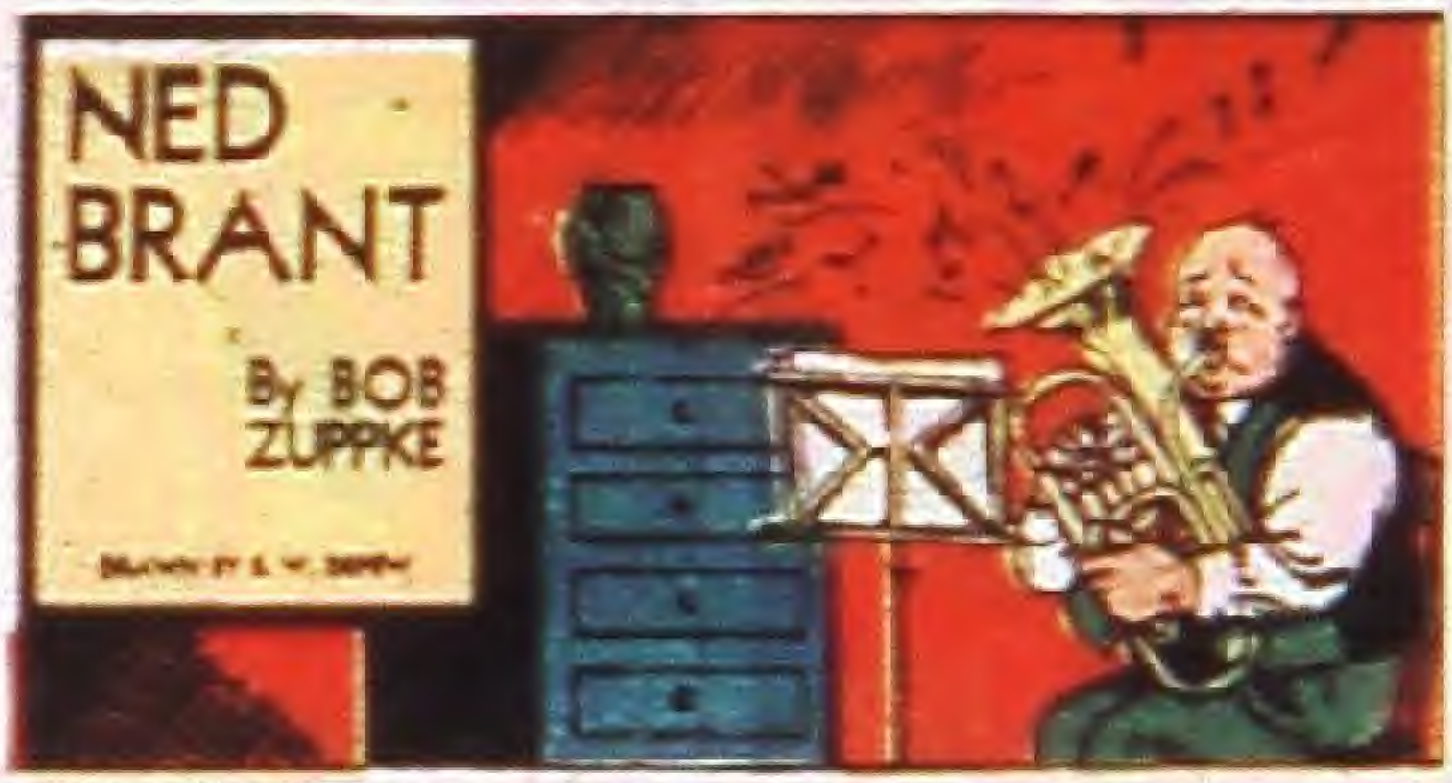
By BOB ZUPPKE

NED BRANT

by ROY ZAPPIS

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPKE



Ned Brant is continued in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.

Rube Goldberg's Side Show will entertain you in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

MADAM FATAL

DEATH INTERRUPTS THE GAY AND HAPPY LIFE OF A GYPSY VILLAGE AS MADAM FATAL, WHO IS REALLY RICHARD STANTON, BATTLES THE FORCES OF HATRED AND GREED IN AN EFFORT TO BRING TWO YOUNG PEOPLE TOGETHER.

NOT FAR AWAY...
SO! SHE THINKS SHE WILL MARRY THAT YOUNG FOOL WHEN I, BASTANI, AM IN LOVE WITH HER-- WE WILL SEE!!
HA-HA! FELIPE MAKE FOOL OF BASTANI...

SHUT UP!... AND THAT OLD BAG OF BONES CALLED DEMO -HE LOVES HER LIKE A DAUGHTER AND HATES ME... GOOD. YOU ARE A GOOD THIEF- LISTEN...
WHAT IS IT, BASTANI?

AN HOUR LATER AS STANTON ROAMS AROUND THE VILLAGE...
THERE'S DEMO GOING FOR WATER!!

AS DEMO PASSES A CLUSTER OF BUSHES...

LIKE A FLASH STANTON DASHES FOR DEMO'S ASSAILANT...

BUT A CRASHING BLOW SENDS HIM TO THE GROUND...

WHEN STANTON COMES TO...
DRAT TH' LUCK! ... SEEMS LIKE THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS UPSET OVER THIS!!

BUT MADAME DE FARGE -FELIPE DID NOT DO THIS- DEMO WAS HIS FRIEND!
LOOK! THIS WAS FOUND NEAR THE BODY! FELIPE'S KNIFE... THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!

TAKE HIM AWAY AND GUARD HIM CAREFULLY... COME, MARIA. LET US GO- BASTANI IS WAITING TO CALL ON YOU!
LOOKS BAD FOR FELIPE! BUT SOMEONE'S PLOTTING AGAINST HIM - THIS IS SOMETHING FOR MADAM FATAL TO LOOK INTO!

THAT NIGHT A FIGURE STEALS INTO THE GYPSY CAMP AND MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.....

AT THE WINDOW OF MADAME DE FARGE'S WAGON THE BENT FORM'S FACE IS REVEALED-IT IS MADAM FATAL
MADAME DE FARGE IS TALKING WITH BASTIAN!!

ALL GOES WELL! I TOLD MARIA SOMEONE WHO WANTED TO HELP FELIPE WAS WAITING FOR HER AT THE BLUE CAVE! SHE LEFT AT ONCE!
GOOD! MY MEN WILL BE WAITING FOR HER WHEN SHE GETS THERE!!

TOMORROW FELIPE WILL BE THROWN INTO THE RIVER FROM WHICH NO ONE RETURNS- THEN YOU WILL BE FREE TO MARRY MARIA!
I SHALL REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY ..... LOOK! A FACE AT THE WINDOW!!

AS THEY REACH THE DOOR,MADAM FATAL DISAPPEARS INTO THE SHADOWS.....
IT WAS A GYPSY DRESSED LIKE YOU- FUNNY.....WHAT CAN SHE BE UP TO?

THERE'S THE PRISON WAGON-IT'S WELL GUARDED.....GOT TO THINK FAST!

GUARD! HELP! MY ANKLE'S TURNED!
IT'S MADAME DE FARGE....SHE NEEDS HELP!

AND WHEN THE OTHER GUARDS COME RUNNING.....

PAT MEET MIKE... MIKE MEET PAT!

WHY-WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE DRESSED LIKE MADAME DE FARGE!
I'M A FRIEND-QUICK! GO TO THE BLUE CAVE AND WAIT FOR ME THERE!!

BUT PEERING EYES HAVE SEEN FELIPE'S RELEASE.....
SO! BASTANI WAS RIGHT-I MUST ACT SWIFTLY...HERE SHE COMES!

LIKE A CAT MADAME DE FARGE SPRINGS ON HER PREY.....
WHAT TH-!

A STRANGE DEATH STRUGGLE FOLLOWS.....

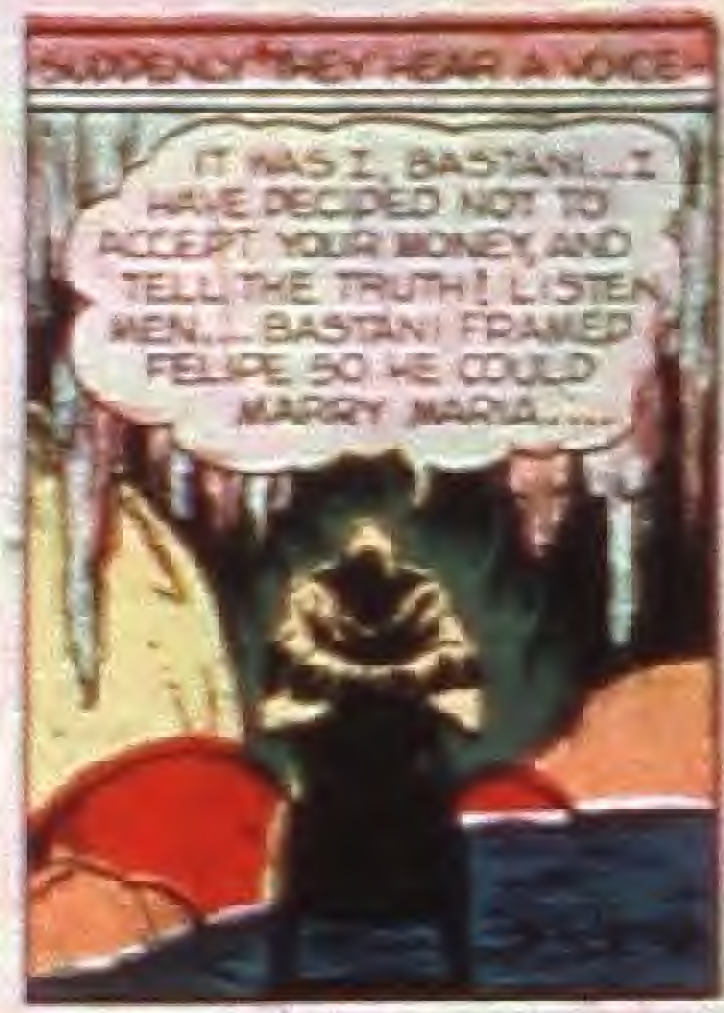
CLAWING, FIGHTING TOOTH AND NAIL, THE BATTLE CONTINUES AS THEY ROLL TOWARD THE RIVER...

WITH AN UPWARD SWEEP MADAM FATAL SENDS HER ENEMY OUT INTO SPACE.....
EEEEEE!! THE RIVER FROM WHICH NONE RETURN!

DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BLACK SLIME SINKS MADAME DE FARGE.....

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO HURRY TO THE BLUE CAVE!
WITH ECHOING CRIES SHE PASSES OUT OF SIGHT...

MEANWHILE FELIPE NEARS THE BLUE CAVE...SUDDENLY SEVERAL FORMS LEAP AT HIM.....



More of Madam Fatal in the July issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale May 9th.

The FIRE MOOSE

Oolakuk Ruskov graduated from Sitka Forestry College almost a total mystery. Oolakuk was half Russian and half Eskimo. He was taciturn, morose, and he made no friends. But Oolakuk was smart—devilishly smart! He did things in chemistry that amazed even his teachers. On his graduation day he departed, without a word to anyone.

During the severe winter of 1934 the Yukon Territory was ravaged by a series of strange fires. Trappers' cabins, Mounted Police posts, and even a chapel burned to the ground under extremely mysterious circumstances. Always the fires struck at night, during howling gales. A dozen or more persons died in their sleep. The fiend responsible was never seen; but on several occasions the tracks of a giant moose were found in the snow near the smoldering ruins.

Inspector Rainey of Ft. Yukon Post was in conversation with Sergt. Colt.

"We've reached the end. I've wired Eric Vale, that American detective. He is due here tonight, by plane. . . . Anything new, Sergeant?"

"Nothing. A couple of River Indians reported seeing a white moose in the district—"

Inspector Rainey snorted. "White moose! Indian superstition, Colt."

"I don't know," returned Colt. "They say he's a monster, with a big hump on his back. And he travels like the wind."

And there the mystery hung.

Eric Vale landed his speedy Lockheed on the hard-packed snow in front of Yukon House at exactly 7:30 that evening. He was a tall, bronzed youth who looked more like a quarterback than a detective. Inspector Rainey welcomed him warmly.

"'Tis many a day since we met, Eric," he said. "But I'm glad to see ye, lad. Ye have a job before ye!"

Eric listened to the strange details of the fire mystery to its end. Then he said, "Well, it all sounds a bit fantastic, but there's no time like the present. I'll go up for a short scouting trip."

A shrieking blizzard drove down across the icy tundras that night, sending the mercury scurrying to forty below. At three thousand feet, Eric watched the blurred terrain below, and suddenly he saw flames. They seemed to burst out like a fast-blooming rose and then a large area was in flame. He put his ship into a screaming power dive, and leveled off two hundred yards from the fiercely blazing cabin. It stood in a clearing a good fifty miles from Ft. Yukon.

Eric jumped out of the plane and rushed toward the burning cabin. A man ran out the door, followed by a woman carrying a small child. Before Eric reached them the cabin collapsed amid a shower of sparks.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

The people were French. They both broke into rapid trail-French. Eric grew from it that there had been no fire in their cabin for four hours. They could not understand how the fire broke out—unless it was "that devil moose!"

Eric bundled the three persons into his plane, snapped on the electric heater, and hurried back to the ruins of the cabin. There was something odd about the fire: he had seen it break out from the air, as if the roof had been ignited first. The flames had burned downward, instead of up!

There was nothing in the ashes that revealed the nature of the blaze, but in making a circuit of the area he found several large moose tracks, fresh ones!

Back at headquarters, Eric told Inspector Rainey what had occurred. The latter looked puzzled. "What d'ye make of it, lad?"

"The fire?" replied Eric. "It's not ordinary fire, Inspector. And as for the moose tracks—they sort of intrigue me."

Sergeant Colt entered the office at that moment. His face was grave.

"Four fires last night, a few

miles from the reservation," he stated. "Two women badly burned."

Eric said, "How far would that be from the Renault cabin?"

"A good thirty-five miles."

"Whew!" Eric whistled softly. "Whoever's doing the dirty work is really getting around!"

Inspector Rainey explained to Colt that the Renault cabin had burned during the night, and that Eric had brought them into the village.

"But how could that be?" Colt demanded. "A man couldn't make that jump short of six hours—in a blizzard like last night!"

The inspector agreed that it would be impossible for a man on snowshoes to trek that distance under six hours.

"Well," said Colt, "here's the

payoff. The Indians say they saw the white humped moose. They're right. I saw it myself last night, streaking south like the very Nick was after it. It has a hump, all right!"

Eric left his plane in the single hanger at Ft. Yukon and set off toward moon with Jim Broken Wing, a Cree tracker. How much of this mystery was fact and how much pure imagination, he didn't know, but he meant to find out today!

The Cree set a stiff pace and near the ruins of an earlier fire, he picked up the moose trail. The wind had all but obliterated it, but the Indian followed it unerringly.

Night caught them ten miles from the cabin. The going had

become rough and another blizzard was in the making. Suddenly the Cree stopped and pointed ahead. "Fire!" he grunted.

"Come on," said Eric.

A few minutes later they were shielding their faces from the intense heat. The log structure had already collapsed. A hasty search of the charred remains revealed nothing. If someone had been in there, he had certainly died in that seething inferno.

Jim took up the trail of the moose again, and in a few minutes they could hear a crashing ahead of them, such as a large animal would make in scrub timber.

"Moose!" Jim grunted, and hastened his stride.

They were gaining on the big animal; the noise of his progress was louder. But suddenly it ceased altogether. Eric and the Indian came up quietly, sensing an ambush. Jim explained that they were at the mouth of a box canyon; that the moose was trapped.

Abruptly a terrific crashing began up ahead and the moose let out a bellow of rage. The next moment he was flashing past Eric and Jim at express train speed. They leaped out of his path just in time. Eric noticed in the semi-darkness that he was indeed an albino and that he had a huge hump on his back. What sort of moose could he be, he wondered.

He and Jim took out after the big beast. About a half mile from the canyon he fell. Eric wasn't certain, but he thought he heard a shrill scream. Then a burst of red flame showed ahead. The fire was alive! It streaked off, showering sparks. Another scream echoed back.

"Hurry!" cried Eric. He and Jim raced in pursuit of the strange flame mass, which was wavering erratically now. The moose was afire from head to heel! It was an unearthly sight. Suddenly the fire ahead vanished. Two minutes later Eric, slightly ahead of Jim, halted on a high embankment bordering a small river. Below them they heard a gurgling moan. Eric tumbled down the bank. "Look!" he cried.

The head of a man in a white fur parka, badly scorched, showed above the water of the river. He waved his mittened hand weakly. Eric and Jim waded into the icy stream and tried to pull the man out. Then they saw that he was astride the big moose. The creature's huge antlers were thrown back, firmly locked around the man's body. The Beast was evidently dead, burned terribly.

A half hour's tugging released the fur-clad man and they pulled him ashore. He was gasping his last.

"Oolakuk," said Jim succinctly. "Him devil-man. Cause fires. Burn people. Ugh!" The Indian would not touch the Eskimo-Russian. The latter moaned in agony. His lips moved. "Hate white man," Eric made out.

So that was it! Eric drew Oolakuk's parka over his face. The man was dead. In the specious pockets of the garment Eric found several small glass bombs filled with a brownish liquid—fire bombs! The Eskimo had been an expert chemist. He had chosen this method of showing his hate for the white race. Was it because his father was Russian?

Nobody would ever know. Where he got the white moose was also a mystery that would never be solved. How he had trained it as a mount—these things would remain unsolved. But one thing sure, the fires in the Yukon Territory were ended.

Eric looked at Jim Broken Wing and smiled. "I guess we're done, Jim."

"Ugh!" replied the Indian, and started for the fort.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL TO
GREAT BEAR MYSTERY
IN THE JULY ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE MAY 9TH

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

THE SPACE LEGION

By VERN

ROCK BRADDON vs. CAPTAIN X

ROCK AND HIS CAPTOR ENTER A WAITING CAR... FROM AN UPPER WINDOW ANOTHER LEGION OFFICER WATCHES WITH UNBELIEVING EYES..
BRADDON AND CAPTAIN X_WHY OF ALL THE...

THE CAR ROARS OFF... A FEW HOURS LATER IT STOPS AMONG DESOLATE HILLS..

MY SPACE-SHIP, BRADDON ALL READY TO BLAST OFF!
YOUR HOSPI-TALITY GOALS ME, X!

ROCK BOARDS THE SPACE SHIP AND IS THRUST INTO A STEEL CELL..
DON'T FOOLISHLY WASTE YOUR STRENGTH TRYING TO ESCAPE, CAPTAIN!

AND WHAT IS THIS PROJECT YOU EXPECT ME TO AID YOU IN?
THE LOOTING OF THE INTER-PLANETARY TREASURY!

YOU'RE MAD! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!
HA..HA! YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT CAPTAIN X!

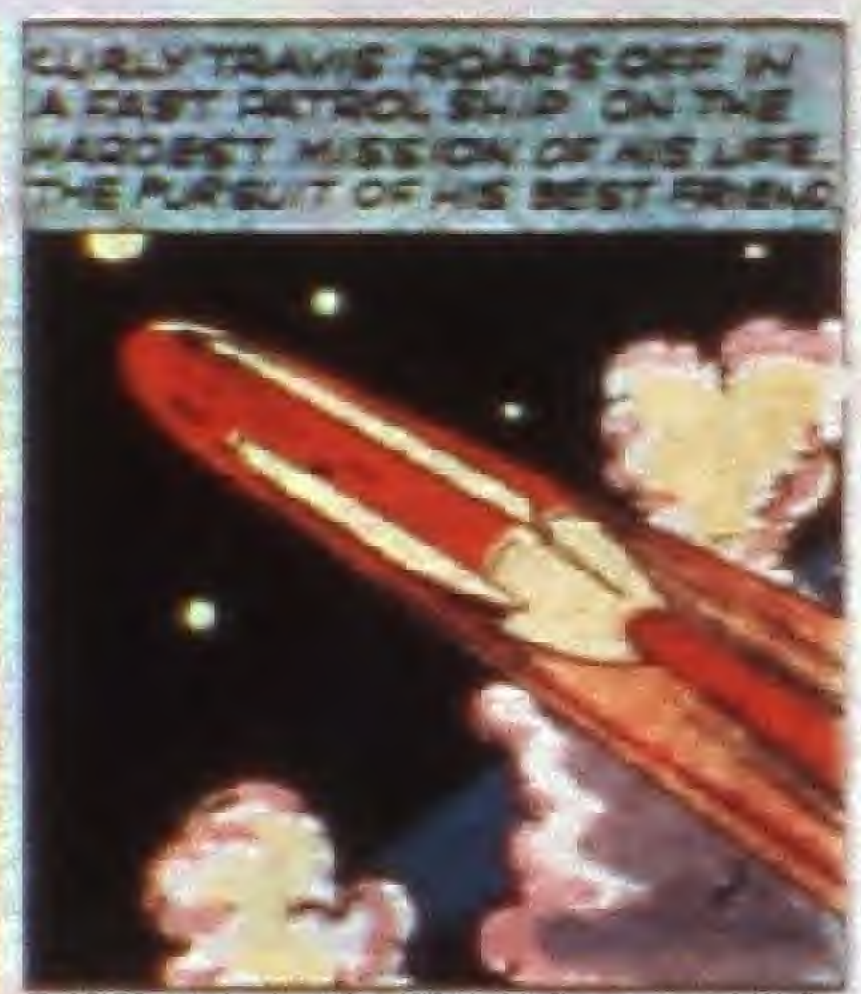
SECONDS LATER THE SHIP BLASTS INTO THE COLD BLACK VOID OF OUTER SPACE

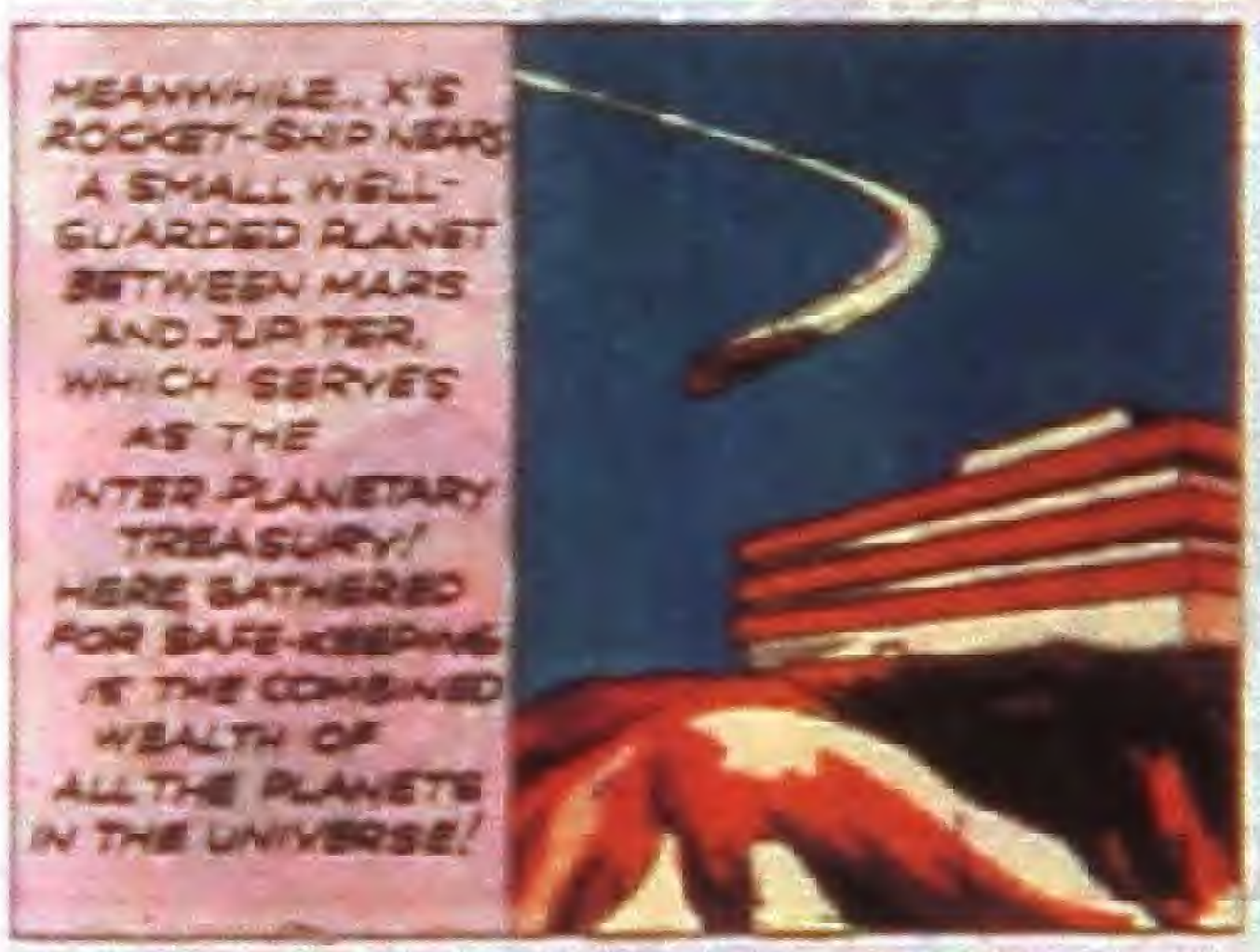
LEGION COMMANDER RAY CROSBY INVESTIGATES ROCK'S DISAPPEARANCE.
YES, COMMANDER... I KNOW WHERE ROCK IS. I SAW HIM LEAVE LAST NIGHT WITH CAPTAIN X!

WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM, TRAVIS? YOU HAVE A RAY-GUN IN YOUR ROOM!
ROCK WAS MY BEST FRIEND, SIR! I MIGHT'VE HIT HIM!

YOU SHOULD HAVE STOPPED BRADDON TRAVIS. BUT I'M ASSIGNING YOU A SHIP AND SENDING YOU AFTER THEM!

AND NO ONE ON THE OUTSIDE MUST LEARN OF BRADDON'S APPARENT BETRAYAL!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR!


CURLY TRAVIS ROARS OFF IN A FAST PATROL SHIP ON THE HARDEST MISSION OF HIS LIFE. THE PURSUIT OF HIS BEST FRIEND


MEANWHILE... X'S ROCKET-SHIP NEARS A SMALL WELL-GUARDED PLANET BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, WHICH SERVES AS THE INTER-PLANETARY TREASURY! HERE GATHERED FOR SAFE-KEEPING IS THE COMBINED WEALTH OF ALL THE PLANETS IN THE UNIVERSE!

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAND THERE! THAT ROCKET PORT IS FOR OFFICIAL SHIPS AND EMERGENCY LANDINGS ONLY!
HA! BUT I'VE ORDERED MY ENGINEER TO CRIPPLE OUR ENGINES SO...

AND EVEN I CAN'T GET THE HUNTED CAPTAIN X INSIDE THOSE WALLS!
I EXPECT TO ENTER AS YOUR BRIDE, CAPTAIN!

SAY THAT AGAIN, PLEASE!

CAPTAIN X'S HELMET IS WHIPPED OFF, AND...
WHAT'S SO CRAZY ABOUT MY BEING YOUR BRIDE?
ULP! UGH... WHAT THE... CAPTAIN X! YOU...A GIRL!

THE SHIP LANDS AND IS QUICKLY ENGULFED BY TREASURY GUARDS..

ROCK BRADDON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THAT ISN'T A LEGION SHIP!

ER.. THIS IS MY WIFE.. WE'RE ON OUR HONEYMOON TRIP. ENGINES BROKE DOWN SO WE LANDED HERE!

TILL YOU CAN LEAVE, I'LL QUARTER YOUR PARTY IN THE TREASURY BUILDING, ROCK..

WITH A CONCEALED RAY-GUN PRODDING HIM IN THE BACK, ROCK HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY CAPTAIN X..

YOU CAN USE THESE ROOMS AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, BRADDON!

THANK YOU, SIR!

LATER.. ONCE AGAIN CAPTAIN X BARKS ORDERS

ONE MAN STAY AND GUARD BRADDON.. THE REST OF YOU FOLLOW ME!

A SHADOWY GROUP SLIP SILENTLY INTO A SUB-VENTILATOR ROOM...

WE'LL PUT THESE GAS CAPSULES IN THE MAIN AIR DUCTS ..IN A FEW MINUTES THE ENTIRE GARRISON WILL BE ASLEEP!

AS THE FIRST VAPORY GAS SEEPS FROM THE VENTILATOR, ROCK'S GUARD PUTS ON A GAS MASK..

BRADDON SEIZES THE SPLIT-SECOND OPPORTUNITY

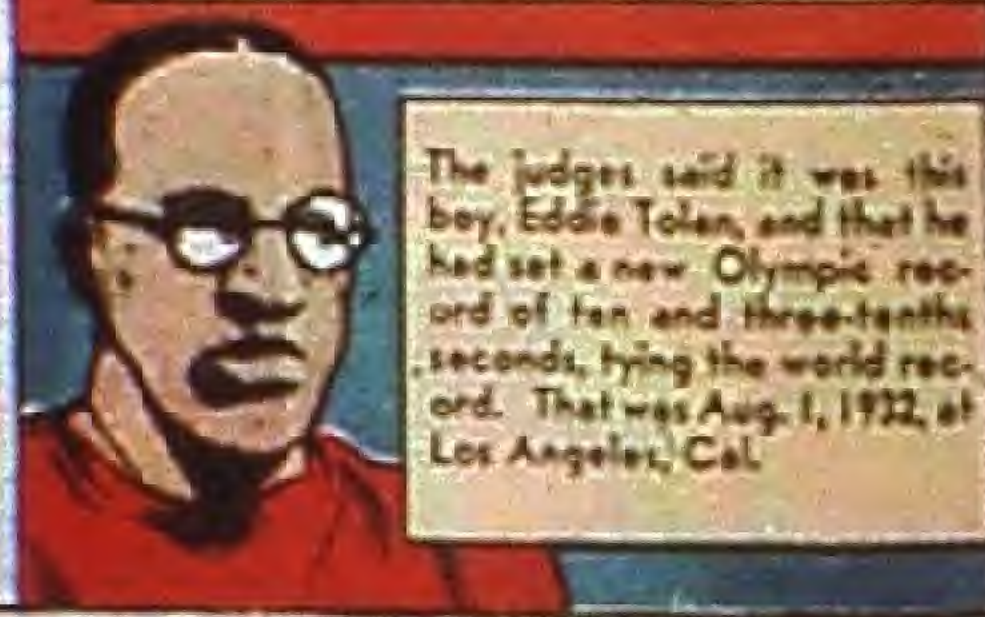
I'LL TAKE THAT!

NOW TO FIND THAT WILDCAT AND HER CREW!

Follow Rock Braddon of The Space Legion in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That Breath-Taking Olympic Finish



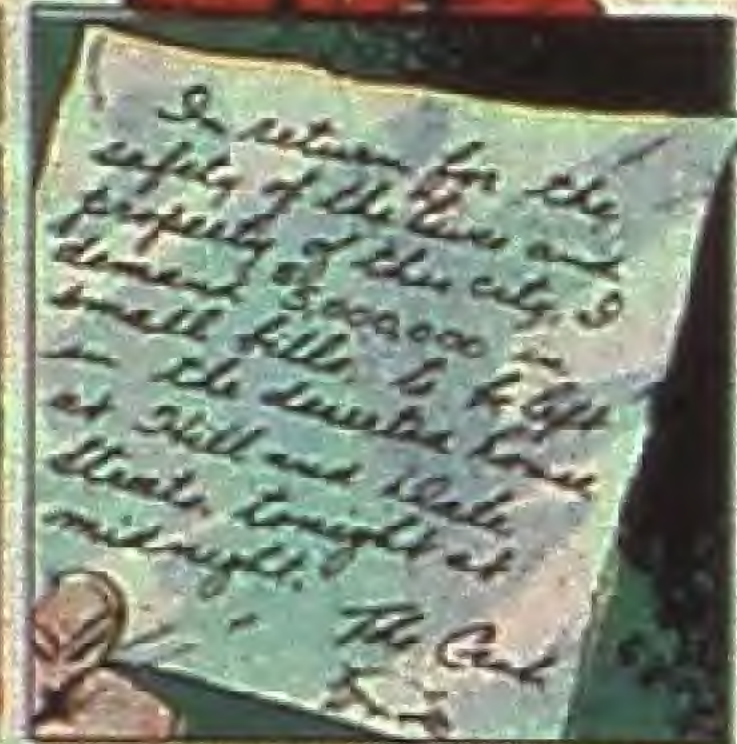
CRACK COMICS is the "tops" in monthly comic magazines.

SNAPPY

Snappy appears each and every month in CRACK COMICS.

The CLOCK

by GEORGE E BRENNER



AND IN THE HIDE-OUT OF THE CRAB -

GEE, CRAB, WITH 5,000,000 BUCKS WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET!

YES, WE WOULD-

BUT YOU DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO HAND OVER THAT AMOUNT SO EASILY, DO YOU?

YOU MEAN- WE AIN'T GONNA GET IT?

NO, WE WON'T GET IT, BUT IT WILL ENABLE US TO SHOW THEM WE MEAN BUSINESS-

AND AFTER THIS, OUR DEMANDS WILL BE MET!

GEE, AN' I HAD MY SLUGGE ALMOST SPENT!

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET IT - IS EVERYTHING READY?

YES!

GOOD - AT FIVE MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT, CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE DESERTED HOUSE ---

WITH DRAWN GUNS, THE POLICE WAIT IN SILENCE FOR THE APPROACH OF THE CRAB ----

TAKE YOUR PLACES, MEN, AND THE MINUTE THIS BIRD SHOWS HIS FACE, GRAB HIM!

I'LL GO OUTSIDE, JONES, AND PLACE THE REST OF THE MEN AND BE RIGHT BACK!

OKAY, CAPTAIN

REMEMBER, BOYS, LET THE CRAB GO IN - BUT IF HE SHOULD COME OUT - DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

NOW TO GO INSIDE WITH THE BOYS AND WAIT!

AS CAPTAIN KANE NEARS THE HOUSE--

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SPLITS THE AIR---

THE HOUSE - BLOWN TO BITS --- AAND MY MEN - THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE --

CAPTAIN - THE MEN--

ALL DEAD!

THE CRAB - HE DID IT!

YES, AND I'LL GET THAT FIEND IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!

CAPTAIN - LOOK!!

A PLANE - CIRCLING THE RUINS--

HE'S STARTING TO SKYWRITE!

CAPT. KANE

IT - IT'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU!

YES!

"INE - YOU KNOW BY NOW I'M NOT FOOLING - MY DEMAND STILL GOES - AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS---
THE CRAB

TWO DAYS PASS - AND STILL NO WORD FROM THE CRAB -

THIS WAITING --- IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY I COULD GET THAT DEVIL!

SO FAR MY MEN HAVE BEEN UNSUCCESSFUL -- I'VE GOT IT! - THE CLOCK!! DOLAN, COME HERE!!

YES, CAPTAIN?

GET IN TOUCH WITH THE CLOCK - HOW, I DON'T KNOW, BUT GET HIM HERE!

AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER -

GOOD EVENING, CAPTAIN!

WHA--?? THE CLOCK!

HOW DID YOU ---

I HEARD YOUR PLEA OVER THE SHORT WAVES, AND SAID TO MYSELF - THE CAPTAIN MUST BE STUCK AGAIN!

IMPUDENCE - I OUGHT TO UNMASK YOU AND FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT MAKES YOU TICK!

I DON'T THINK YOU'D LEARN ANY-THING BY THAT!

LOOK!

WHY NOT?

WHA -- WELL - THERE'S TWO OF YOU??

MAYBE, BUT THEN YOU MAY NEED GLASSES!

NOW, CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU, CAPTAIN?

YES -

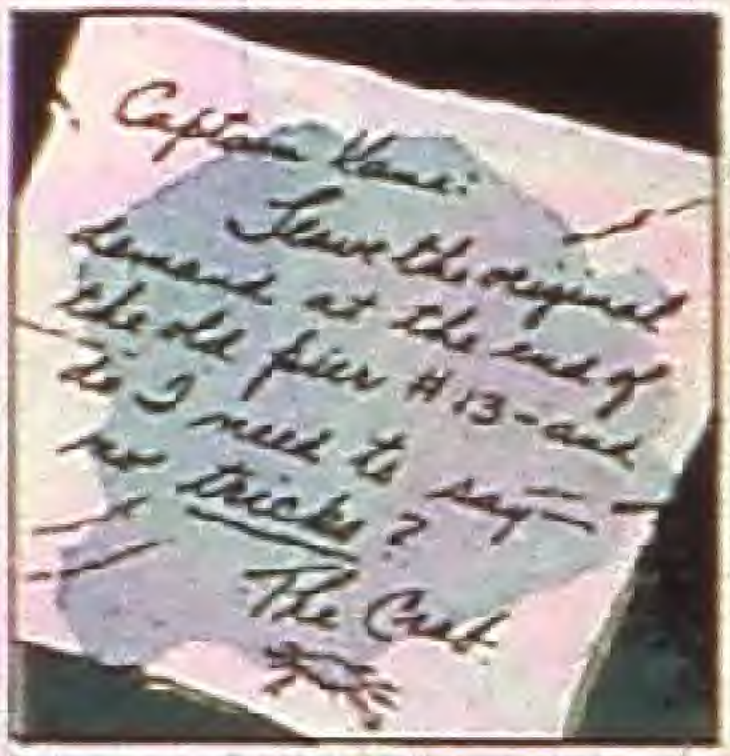
AS THE CAPTAIN UNFOLDS THE CASE, AN OFFICER RUSHES INTO THE ROOM ---

CAPTAIN -- A NOTE -- FROM THE CRAB!!

HOW DID IT COME?

A GUY JUST RAN UP AND THREW IT ON THE DESK AND BEAT IT!

NERVE -- COLOSSAL NERVE - I'LL SEE WHAT IT SAYS!


Captain Vane:
Leave the original
demand at the end of
the pier H 13 - and
do I need to say -
no tricks?
The Crab

WHAT DOES IT SAY?
HE WANTS THE SAME AMOUNT LEFT AT PIER 13!

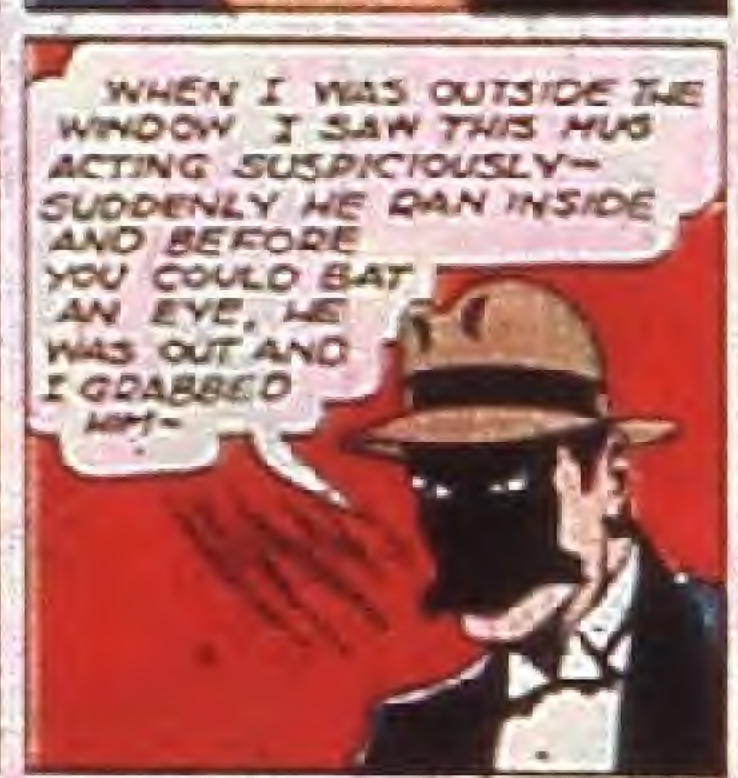
WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?
NONE YET - EXCEPT I'LL LEAVE THE WAY I CAME!

PSST - BOSS!! OVER HERE!
PUG!!

THE CRAB HAS MADE HIS DEMANDS, PUG!
YES, I KNOW -

YOU KNOW??
YES, COME OVER HERE!

WELL -- WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT'S LIKE THIS -


WHEN I WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW I SAW THIS MUG ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY - SUDDENLY HE RAN INSIDE AND BEFORE YOU COULD BAT AN EYE, HE WAS OUT AND I GRABBED HIM! -

GOOD WORK - WE'LL QUIZ HIM WHEN HE COMES TO!
NO NEED TO - I DID THAT -

WE CAN SURPRISE THIS MOB RIGHT IN THEIR OWN BACK YARD - I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY THERE!
LET'S GO!

- AND THE CRAB AND HIS GANG HIDE OUT AT 23 DROOP STREET -

SLOW UP, THIS IS DROOP STREET, AND 23 IS UP TWO BLOCKS!

AS THE CRAB GANG PREPARES TO LEAVE THEIR HIDE-OUT, AN UNNOTICED SHADOW GROWS LARGER ON THE FLOOR---

AND SUDDENLY TWO FIGURES DROP THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT-

TH'-THE CLOCK!- KILL HIM!!!

BETTER LUGS THAN YOU HAVE TRIED THAT- AND FAILED!

SLAM BANG WHAM SOCK

CRABS A GOOD HOST, BOSS - HE THROWS LIVELY PARTIES!

AND THIS IS ONLY PART OF WHAT YOU'LL GET FOR KILLING THOSE DOUGEMEN!

MEANWHILE BACK IN HEADQUARTERS ----

BOYS, WE'RE GOING TO PIER 13, IN CASE THE CLOCK NEEDS HELP!

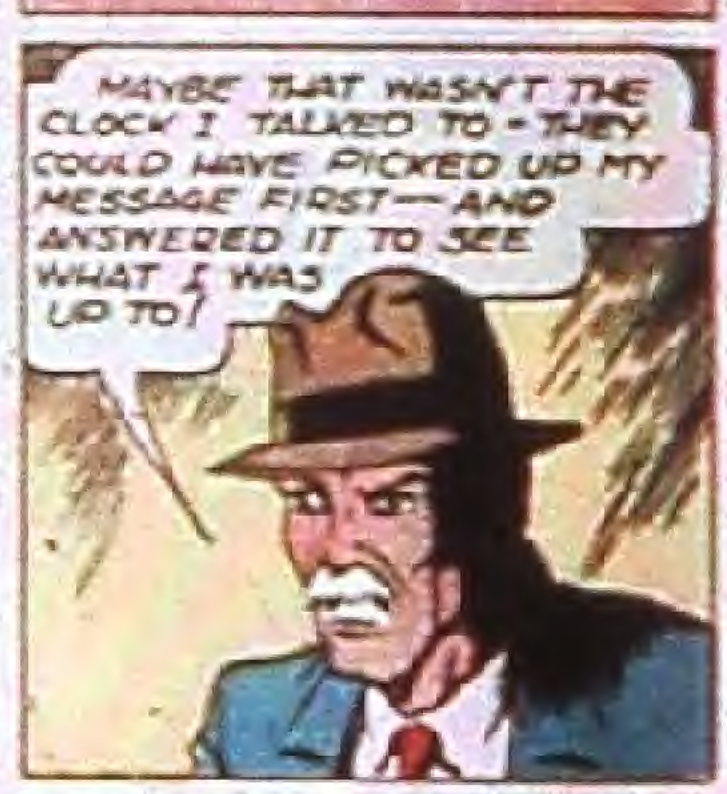
LET'S GO!

FUNNY I DON'T SEE ANYONE -- KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS- THEY'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!

AND BACK IN THE CRAB'S HIDE-OUT, THE BATTLE STILL RAGES-

ONE OF THE CROOKS SLOWLY GETS TO HIS FEET---

I'LL MOLDER HIM- HE WON'T SLUG ME AGAIN!



Another fast moving episode of The Clock in the July issue of CRACK COMICS.

Watch for
the summer edition of

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5″ wide; writes lines 8.2″ wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trail, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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